A TRAGEDY IN PAST PARTICIPLES Showing how easily the English language may be simplified by eliminating verbal irregularhe simpli

Sally Saltre she was a teacher and taught. And her friend Charley Church war a preacher who praught, Though his friends all called him a screecher who scraught

His heart, when he'saw her, kept sinking and And his eye, meeting hers, kept winking and wunk: While she, in ture, fell to thinking and thunk; And hastened to woo her, and sweetly he

For his love grew until to a mountain it grew-And what he was longing to do, then he doed In secrethe wanted to speak and he spoke. To seek with his lips what his heart long had so he managed to let the truth leak and

He asked her to ride to church and they rode; They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode, And they came to the place to be tide and were

And homeward, he said, let us drive, and they drove; And as soon as they wished to arrive they ar For whatever he couldn't contrive she con

The kiss he was dying to steal there he stole: At the feet where he wanted to kneel there And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole." So they to each other kept clinging and clung. While Time on his swift circuit was winging and wung.

And this was the thing he was bringing and

caught-That she wanted from others to snatch and had snaught--Was the one she now liked to scratch and had scraught. And Charley's warm love began freezing an

The man Sally wanted to eatch and ha

froze, While he took to tensing and cruelly tose The girl he had wished to be squeezing and squoze...

'Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened leave him and left.
"How could you deceive me as you have deceft?" And she answered: "1 promised to clear and I've cleft!"

## ....... -01-

THE FORTUNES OF A HUNTED HEIRESS.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE MISERIES OF BARBARA—THE TERRIPLE ANNOUNCEMENT OF PHILLIP BLAKE,

The story of Barbara Glendon's life be came more and more painful as the weeks passed on, and the days bad not many mes multiplied ere she realized the reck less and unprincipled character of the man to whom she had allied herself with such thoughtless precipitation

Every day brought to light some new phase of badness, and every day the vir-gin warmth of her great love lessened, and it only wanted the final blow, which he soon struck, to make it vanish, root and branch forever!

And here is how it occurred. He came home one night in his usual state of intexication, and from his humor Barbara-judged that he had not been successful e gaming table.

He threw himself upon a lounge, swearing a great eath that the whole world was in league against him, and that Barbara was at the head of the conspiracy—that she was the sole cause of his continued ill luck, and until he was rid of her he

would meet with nothing but misfortune. He continued these ravings for some time, Barbara sitting quietly in her chair, and looking stolidly at him. Her heart was fall of loathing as she gazed upon him. The sight of a drunken man unfamiliar to her until she had joined her fortunes with those of Phillip Blake—but she made no reply to his cruel talk, but watched the man and the clock and waited for an excuse to retire—knowing that if she did so at that moment it would on-

ly irritate her husband more.

At last she could bear it no longer. So she arose and prepared to leave the

As she placed her hand upon the knob of the door, Blake cried out with an eath: "Where in — are you going! Come-lack here and sit down! I've got some-thing to say to you that I intended to have said a week ago. Sit down I tell you!"— And the brute rose up and approached her as if he were about to strike her.

She turned haughtly from the door and fixed her flashing black eyes full upon the blood-shot orbs of her husband saying, as she pointed to his uplifted arm. "If you strike me Phillip Blake, I will

kill you! I have torne for weeks with your brutal conduct, and will have no more of it. Now what have you to say t me. It is late and I wish to retire:" Blake without a word of reply dropped into his seat.

"You'll kill me, ch, you blood-thirsty creature?" he muttered in a maudlin tone, and then suddenly changing his humor he turned to her fiercely exclaiming:

"Woman, you must learn your place, you must use different language toward me—I am sick of your puling nonsense. Bates tells me that you do nothing but sit here and mope all day, twirling your thumbs and crying; and she swore that if I didn't tell you who and what you are, to-day, she would tell you herself in the morn-

Who and what I am, Phillip. What can you mean? As for Mrs. Bates, she is a pying watchful thing; she insults me at eyeing watchful thing; she insults me at every opportunity, and to-day even laughed in my face when I informed her that I would call upon my husband to protect me—and that if he did not do it I would leave the house!"

"Call on your husband, ch? Why Bartara, who the devil is he?" cheered the

man, with a rude boisterous laugh.
"Who is he?" exclaimed Barbara Blake,

er face livid with sudden horror. "Who is he-how dare you ask me such a ques-

"I ask for information simply—for I don't know him you may bet all you're worth young lady that it isn't me at any

Barbara had risen to her feet while Blake was speaking, her lips livid, and her face ghastly pale; and approaching him she said in a husky voice:—

"Repeat what you have said Phillip. I don't think I understand you."

The man qualled before the strange expression in the fierce black eyes of the inared woman, but rum ran with the blood a his veins, and he answered with a bru-

tal laugh:

"Repeat it? no I wont—but to have you fully comprehend my meaning, lot me tell you that you are not my wife! Now do you understand me?"

And the man arose, as if suddenly realizing the terrible importance of his words, and walked unsteadily up and down the

"I am not your wife—"the unfortun-ate girl repeated in low, awe stricken tones —"am I asleep Phillip, or am I dreaming —touch me Phillip and tell me that I am

The dazed girl walked over to where the

"Do you mean to tell me that I am not wife—your lawful wife, Phillip Blake ally married in the sight of God— t mouster! Is it so?"

ierce face of the aroused woman, but anaged to articulate-"Yes! That is what I mean; you ot my wife! "Then I was betrayed into a false mar-

riage with you? Is it so?" "Just so exactly. If you don't believe it ask Bates, she's an old flame of mine— I told her when we came here. Perhaps that accounts for the very respectful man-ner in which she has treated you!"

It is impossible to describe the varied expressions that passed over the mobile countenance of Barbara as these awful words which made her an outcast forever, fell upon her ears; horror, hate, surprise, and fear chased themselves one after another over the white countenance, and, for full a minute, she stood like a figure in marble gazing at the man who was the author of her ruin.

author of her ruin.

Blake paid no attention to her, but continued his unsteady walk up and down the room, until at last he was startled by a

"Oh God have mercy upon me!" and a sudden fall to the floor. Turning he be-held Barbara stretched insensible at his

At the same instant the door was opened and Mrs. Bates made her appearance with a wicked smile upon her face. "Well you did it at last, I see?"

"Yes-d-n, and I am almost sorry I did, replied Blake. "Pshaw! she'll get over it. I supposshe'll leave the house to-morrow?"

Blake made no reply, but with a mut-tered curse seized his hat and left the

In a little time Bariaga recovered fro er swoon, and ordering the woman Bates from the room, sat down to reflect upon the situation. The result of her orgitathe situation. The result of her engita-tions was soon apparent. She proceeded to her chamber, and gathering together her various belongings, placed them tidi-ly in her trunk, and doing up a few arti-cles for immediate use laid them upon the table. She then proceeded to lock all the loors leading to her rooms, after which she threw herself, dressed as she was, upon the bed, and strengt to say soon upon the bed, and, strange to say, soon

ank into a fitful slumber.

It was plainly Barbara's intention to leave the house the following morning, but where she was to betake herself was as much a puzzle to the unfortunate crea-ture as at present it is to the very intelli-

when Barbara awoke in the morning, When Barbara awoke in the morning, however she was sick and feverish, and found it almost impossible to leave her bed. She managed however to arise and make herself a cooling draught, but soon realized that it would be impossible to go forth for some hours she was so weak and almost delirious—therefore she returned to bed and slept again; and it was quite dark when she awoke, and feeling great-ly refreshed, she took up her little bundle and prepared to go forth into the night.

The house was strangely silent, and as she crept down the dark stairs, she encountered no one. She opened the front door, peered anxiously up and down the road, and seeing no one went forth closing the door quietly behind her. It was a beautiful mosnlight night, and

as she moved over the moonlit country oad she reflected, with a heart almost broken, on the cruel changes the last few weeks had wrought in the little world in which she moved, and into which she had entered with so much joy and pride.

But now her hopes were shattered and her future seemed dark and dreary in-

But there was light ahead.

CHAPTER XXIV

BARRARA LISTENS TO AN AWPUL REVELATION -HER RUSBAND APPEARS IN AN NEW CHARACTES-AND ALSO MES, VICKORY, Barbara moved with quick steps over ne moonsheened highway in the direc-

tion of the city, her soul agitated with ainful emotions.

How pleasant and happy her factory if eseemed to ber now in this supreme tour of her rain and misery.

How much like home seemed the good

d bearding-house of Mrs. Moriarty, cross whose threshold she could never er her foot again—never again as the aire and happy maiden, the lender and almired of all among them.

Where were her footsteps tending?

Barbara had no more idea than the right new moon that beamed down upon her and lighted her pathway. Was fate guiding her footsteps-good fortune beck-oning her on over the white and dusty

These questions will soon be answered. She plodded on feverishly, impatiently, as if anxious to reach the city, as if she knew the purpose which carried her there. The trees, ever-going in the night breeze, cast their rhadows over the path-way, and the air was redolent with the fragrance they cast around.
She had traveled about a mile when she

came to a turn in the road. Here she paused for a moment to re-arrange her bundle which had become loosened by carcless swinging at her side. Having fixed it to her satisfaction, she was about to go around the bend in the road when her attention was attracted to voices in conversation.
One of the voices seemed familiar, but

was still too far away for her to recognize

to her horror and astonishment beheld her husband and a weman, whom she, in a moment after, recognized as Mrs. Vick-ory, coming slowly in the direction where she was standing; the leads of both bowed in conversation, which, on the woman's part, seemed animated.

To meet them was the last thing in the

world Barbara desired. There was but one resource left for her if she wished to escape observation, and she took it. She darted into the midst of the trees

she dayted into the minds of the trees that lined the road on both sides, and with panting bosom, awaited until they should pass by.

They had no such intention, however; for upon coming to the corner, they paused, seemingly with the intention of bringing their interview to a close at that roint.

Mrs Vickory seemed greatly excited and her voice in the still night air, fell full and distinct upon the ears of Barbara Blake, and what she there heard almost

Blake, and what she there heard almost froze her blood with horror.

For the first time she there learned that Mrs. Vickory was in disguise; and when she listened to the stern, strong tones of her voice, and looked upon her tall figure now no longer bent and aged in appearance, she felt herself near a cruci and indicated. rindictive woman. As the conversation progressed between the two, the horror in her soul deepened, and the fearful character of the man she had so fendly loved, became more and more apparent.— Now, for the first time in her life she knee the nature, black and diabolical, in all its natural deformity, of the man she had called husbend. So she stood listening to the fearful plottings of the two conspira-

Murder was a foot-a human life being sacrificed to gratify the ambitions and avariee of these two fiendish souls, and the life threatened was almost as dear

At last the wicked conversation was concluded. The two conspirators parted, Blake saying as he was leaving Mrs. Vick-

"Yes, you had better finish the busin The dazed girl walked over to where the cruel, wicked man was standing, and laid her hand on his shoulder, and looked with a strange pitiful expression of inquiry into his face.

Suddenly her attitude and expression changed, and she cried out in a voice that was fierce and wild:

"Yes, you had better finish the business as soon as possible. All my work in this as soon as possible. All my work in this accursed town is done—in a few days I shall return home, and then, when things are properly arranged, ho, for Europe!—Be careful what you do—one single missep will spoil all, and then good by to

To what, Barbara did not hear, for Blake had turned up the road in the directions of his lodgings, the home Barbara had left a little while before, and Mrs. Vickory had made off in an opposite direction, on the road leading to Bellville Park, a mile or two distant. Blake shivered as he looked into the

a mile or two distant. Faint and almost overcome with the terrible secret which came so strangely into her possession, Barbara crept from her hiding-place, and after sitting for several moments by the allent readside to recover herself, she resumed her journey, walk-ing faster and faster as she realized the importance of speed, for now Barbara had an incentive for action; an object on which to expend her reserved forces, and a rea-son of extraordinary importance for reaching the city without a moment's loss

As she moved swiftly on she reflected on all the terrible developments which had but now come to ber knowledge. Phillip Blake an accomplice in murder! Mrs Vickory, a murderess! The terrible thoughts almost paralyzed her brain. One moment she would think her own troubles had crazed her, and all that had just passed was only some fearful phantasy of a delirious imagination.

But she never slackened her speedfelt no fatigue, and harrily had missed the moments fly when she found herself standing before the boarding-house of John Sanborn, for to him she had determined to communicate the terrible secret which had so terribly come into her possession.

She rang the bell and in a few moments was ushered into the parlor, where she

sat down to await the appearance of the ng overseer. In a few moments he entered the re "Why Barbara:" he exclaimed, taking both her hands and shaking them cordially; "What in the world brings you here; has anything happened—can I assist

"Ne, no, John, but I have semething fearful to tell, and there is no time to be wasted," and without further preface she related all that had transpired between a certain man whom she did not recognize, she said (the last lingering spark of he extinguished love) and Mrs. Vickery.

The story filled Sanborn with so much alarm and horror that he forgot to question Barbara upon her appearance upon that spot at that time. At her he was aroused by the voice of his visitor:

John you must intreduce me to your boarding-mistress. I must step here to-night; now don't ask me any questions. I will explain all by and Ly."

"That will be all right Earbura, nothing can be done to-night—I will see Sam Burr

in the morning, and he will take the mat-ter in hand, and know exactly what is right in such a matter." Sanborn now called in the landlady who gave a hearty welcome to Barbara, and oon showed her to a room,

How small a thing can change a person's If Barbara had told her story that night how happy would have been her dreams, and what a many sad unhappy hour would

have been spared her? Indeed her pillow was wet with tearsher sleep restless; and ugly visions filled her brain, and she tossed about until the norning bell told her it was time to rise.

To be Con threed, An Aggrieved Man.

A large negro called at the office of a Little Rock newspaper, and drawing out paper, said:-'I'se got a complaint ter make sah."

"Well sir, what's the matter?" asked the editor.
"Read dis," and he put a finger that looked like a cold-chisel, on the follow-

ing paragraph:—

"While every one must recognize the foundation upon which our social insti-tutions are based, yet no one of profound earning can admire the professionalif we may use such a term-society

man "Did ver write dat?"

"Den, sah, yer has got me ter whup."
"And why do you take offense?

"De debbil it doan'!" "Are you a society man?"
"Yas, sab, I is. I'se de Secretary ob de Society ob De Sons ob Ham, and I'll be danged of I doan' stan' up for my rights. When a newspaper says suthin' agin' a society man, it slaps at me as well as de odders, an' de fack dat I'se de fust ter take it up prubes dat I'se de best society man, an' 'titled ter stan at de head ob de order. Is yer

ready ter gin me satisfaction?' "I do not mind fighting you, as I hav not killed a negro since breakfast, and, only by carnest and persistent endeavor did I succeed in getting in three effective shots this morning before daylight, but the paragraph does not refer to you. It is a slam at the white whipper-snapper whose only aim is to put on a clean

shirt and visit simpering young ladies."
"Meant for de white folks, was it? Wall, den I'se ver fren' boss. Dat's de fust lick dat has been struck fer de niggers since de wab, an ef it wan't agin' de 'stablished rules ob de order, we'd nishitate yer into de sciety. Ain't got a ole hat or par o' britches layin roun', is yer? Wall, I'l wait till yer scours roun' on dem britches a while longer, an' come an' git 'em. Bleeged ter yer, boss, fur yer 'sideration.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Cards in an Odl Place. "Clubs are trumps!" That is what I heard in war time, in the lull between two battles, away down in Chattanooga. It was an old southern cemetery. It was a December day; the roses were not gone, and butterflies, the symbols of immortality, were slowly opening and closing their large wings in the last warm sunshine of the year. I looked around, but nobody was in sight. All was still. Again there came a voice. "The age of hearts takes the "The ace of hearts takes the trick!" At last I saw, a little way off a vault. Three steps led down to it, and the door was ajar. Descending the broken stairs, I put a hand on the unwilling door. It yielded, and a curious interior was revealed. It was a little room, dimly lighted, whose only furniture consisted of coffins, and around one of them that rested upon trestles were three soldiers. There were only four sound arms and five legs to divide among them. They had pulled two coffins from the wall to serve as seats, and they were in the midst of game of cards. They looked up an instant and went on with the deal and the play. Nothing equals the nonchat-ance of veteraus at the front, where th bum of builets is as familiar as the hum of bees among the clover. I looked on a while, and then stepped up and out into the free air. Near me was a small

There is no flock, however watched and tended But one dead lamb is there.

It had lost an ear by a bullet, and one of its feet was carried clean away. So far it did not matter much, as it had so far it did not matter much, as it had no possible use for the three that wery left it. Some idle musket, for want o higher game, had made a target of it. The whole scene set off most strikingly the quiet reverence for the dead of lifty years ago.—Manhattan.

marble lamb lying upon a slab, mean-

A camper at Lake Tahoe, while asicep, was attacked by a large bat, which fastened on his nose, and had to be killed before it could be removed. A Lower Berth.

"It would take a day in the recital, and then fill a big book to tell of the incidents that enter into the daily life of a Pullman car," said J. W. Smittley, the resident superintendent of the company Philadelphia, to a Press reporter, "and then it would take another and a larger book to contain what hasn't been told." Are any of these stories true of Are any of these stories true of fat men telling horrible tales about

crashing through upper berths in order secure lower berths?" was asked, "It is true that facetious heavy weights tell the stories in the hearing timid persons," was the reply, "and it is equally untrue that any upper berths ever break down. A well-known New York journalist who tips the beam at 300-suppose you know him-can be credited with being the originator of that yarn. He loves a joke, and as he is known to almost every palace car porter in the country manages to carry ou the sell very successfully when necessary. In case the gentleman reaches the train late and finds the lower berths occupied, he hunts around until he finds a nervous traveler in a place where he would like to be himself. Then he calls the colored porter and asks him if he has heard any further news of the Rev. Mr. Smith. The porter, who is posted, replies, 'You mean de po' gentleman what you mashed dat night you fell froo

de derth?' "Yes,"replies the ponderous traveler. "I've often thought of that poor man, Jim. I think I broke one of his ribs and one of his arms, didn't I?" "Two ribs and bofe arms, sah," re-

plies Jim solemnly. "And it was somewhere about this part of the car, wasn't it, Jim?" asks

the heavy man loudly.
"No, sah," says the porter, "you'se thinkin' ob de two orphans what you fell on dat night when we was near Bufcalo. If you remember, sah, one of de boys died, and he odder had his eye squashed out. De preacher, san, was in de upper end of de car. He wouldn't get outen de lower berth, sah.'

"Unfortunate fellow," sighs the pas senger, "and I wasn't as beavy by fifty pounds as I am now, either.'

By this time you can depend the nervous traveler is getting his pantaloons on. Usually be peeps out, and when he sees the mountain of flesh that is talking, he is more than willing to take the upper berth than to run the risk of being crushed to death in the middle of the night. It is a pretty good scheme, and generally works to the fat man's satisfaction. As soon as the other fel-low finds that a joke has been played upon him, he forms the joker's aquaintance, and, in almost every instance that I've heard, the friendship so strangely made is lasting, because the fat man is one of those jolly good fellows that nobody could get angry at for more than ten minutes. There are lots of other incidents that if strung together, might make a good story, but, as life is short and time precious, I think we had better leave the best ones for another day.

A \$10.000 Gift.

Nearly two years ago there came a ranger, a German, to the house of a armer in Cecil county, Maryland, askng for a home for a few weeks until the could receive tidings from an uncle living in Sumatra. His request was granted. Weeks were on and no news on the far away uncle, time passing picus untly though, especially to the far-ner and his wife, for in the stranger hey found a highly educated and refined man, he often entertaining them with accounts of his travels, and being a proficient player on the violin, often made the hours glide by more pleasantly than they otherwise would in the ittle farm house. But time went on; weeks rolled into months; the Germa often becoming moody and abstracted: in fact he would often remark that, as the circumstances were, it looked as though he were an impostor; that he and no proof to show that what he had told them was all truth. But in the month of August (one year ago) a cablegram came requesting him to leave America and to come to India immediately. He started at once, the farmer and his wife accompanying him to New York. While with them he often hint ed that the time would sometime come when he could and would surprise them with something that would recompense them for the kindness shown him while in their home. To cut a long story short about six weeks ago there came a short about six weeks ago there came a message across the sea saying; "The time had already come that he could make some return for the kindness and hospitality shown him while a stranger in a strange land. His uncle who was a millionaire, had died and left him sole heir to all his vast estates in and around Sumatra, and as a token of rememrance and gratitude he had sent a

and had been a friend to him in 'many ways.' The draft was received and highly appreciated. - Ball. American. Tanned. It was at Nantasket. The mother of a young lady who was much addicted to bathing stood on the plazza of the hotel gazing toward the beach. Presently she exciaimed with a most dis-tressing air: "O, my child! my child! What shall I do with her?" Au elderly woman, rather hard of hearing, observing her anxiety, asked: "What alls you, madam?" "Nothing fils me," she said. "but Lizzie's so tanned I'm positively asbamed of her." "Tanned? tanned? Sakes alivef' returned the venerable female, exhibiting no little agitation.

"Another human being tanned! And I dare say that wicked Butler has got the skin."—Boston Globe.

who had nursed him through sickness

PISO'S CURE has saved thousands. It is the bes An Indiana gardener strongly recom mends the setting of currant cuttings in the fall as soon as the leaves drop.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1882. Gentlemen -I have been a great sufferer with rheumatism and constipa-tion; have been almost helpless and un-able to dress myself alone. I, like thousands of others, tried many reme dies I had seen largely advertised, in the hope that I might find some relief, but never until I used the Rheumatic Syrup did I find anything that seemed to hit my case in the least, and I con-fess that when I did finally consent to try your remedy I had no faith at all in its merits, but I was very happily dis-appointed. To-day I am entirely free from pain, and can dress myself alone, and can get around better than I have for a long time, and I have used the medicine less than four weeks, and can truthfully say that it will do all and more than you claim for it. I am, yours truly.

JAMES WRIGHT.

Fred Douglass is of opinion that the Louis-ille convention was called too soon.

OTTAWA, ILL. -Dr. T. A. Smurr, says

Those who merit the least praise are at ambitious for it.

Gone Never to Return GARDINER, ME .- Mr. Daniel Grey, a rominent lumber merchant writes that his wife had severe rheumatic pains; so severe as to render her unable to sleep. From the first application of the famous German Remedy, St, Jacobs Oil, she experienced unspeakable relief, and in

two hours the pain had entirely gone. Blind devotion is generally wedded with rabid ignorance.

A Missionary just returned says he regards Johnson's Anodyne Liniment as beyond all price, and efficacious beyond any other medicine. It is adapted to a great variety of special cases, and is the best pain killer in the world. One of the greatest injuries we can do

is to cheat ourselves.

The most dangerous fevers are typhold, bilious, malarious and gastric. These all originate in the stomach, liver or bowels, and may be easily prevented. One of Parson's Purgative Pills each night for a week will drive disease from the system.

The secret of living is to sav everything that can be said on the subject.—Voltaire.

The only scientific Iron Medicine that do not produce headache, &c., but gives to the system all the benefits of fron without its bad effects, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Consult your friend on all things, especially on those which respect yourself. His counsels may then be useful where your own self-love might impair your judgment.—Senaca.



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CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts directly and at once on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action, HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure, and speedy cure, and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given then up to die. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.

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Prices, 75 cen's and \$1.25. Large size the cheapest. Ark you arragist for HUNT'S REMEDY. Take no other.

It is a species of agreeable servitude to be under an obligation to those we esteem.— Queen Christine.

Penetrating Qualities. The penetrating qualities of petroleum are well known to those who have any knowledge of its properties at all. The common wooden barrel will not hold it, and it runs through atone jugs like flour through a sack; in fact, the penetrating properties of crude oil is what makes it so valuable as a hair producer. Carboline is nothing but crude oil deprived of its odor and color.

It is with narrow-souled people as with nar-row-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.—

"Allen's Lung Balsam," a name familiar an "Allen's Lung Baisan," a name familiar and dear to thousands all over the country for its soothing, healing and restorative virtues; compounded from vegetables and extirely free from all combinations of opium or other polsons, it meets the highest expectations of the invalids, and their friends. For Coughs, Colds, Croup and Consumption and all other affections of the Throat and Lungs it stands unrivaled and utterly beyond all competition. and utterly beyond all competition

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.-Augustine

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand

stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms litted up at a cost of one mil-lion dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and cievated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Happiness is like the statute of Isis, whose well no mortal ever raised.—Landon. HAY FEVER. I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to all Hay-Fever sufferers, it is, in my opinion, a sure cure. I was afflicted for 25 years, and never before found permanent re-lief.—W. H. HASKINS, Marshfield, Vt. THE most reliable boot in town is that with Lyon's Patent Metalic Heel Stiffeners.

The glory of man is his strength. If you are weakened down by excessive study, or by early indiscretions, Allen's Brain Food will permanently restore all lost vigor, and strengthen all the muscles of Brain and Body. \$1:6 for \$5.—At druggists, or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First Ave, New York City.

COMMONWEALH, Wis., July 20, 1882. COMMONWEALR, Wis., July 20, 1882.

DR. PENGELLY:
Please send me one more bottle of your ZoaPhora. The one bottle I have used has done
wonders. I have been under doctors' care
more or less for five years. Have suffered
from inflammation. Ulceration and Prolapsus
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Consumption after the
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